

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

rifull lacke of wir, together with most weake hams, all which fir though I most powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe fir shall growe old as I am: iflike a Crab you could goe backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

*Ham.* Into my graue.

*Pol.* Indeepe that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnesse hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

*Ham.* You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Enter Gyldesterne, and Rosencrans.*

*Pol.* Fare you well my Lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fooles.

*Pol.* You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

*Ros.* God saue you fir.

*Gyl.* My honor'd Lord.

*Ros.* My most deere Lord.

*Ham.* My extent good friends, how doost thou *Gyldesterne*?

*A Rosencrans,* good lads how doe you both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Gyl.* Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap. We are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shooe.

*Ros.* Neither my Lord.

*Ham.* Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fa-

*Gyl.* Faith her priuates we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of Fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet, What newes?

*Ros.* None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

*Ham.* Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true; But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsonowre*?

*Ros.* To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

*Ham.* Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpenny: were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

*Gyl.* What should we say my Lord?

*Prince of Denmark*

*Ham.* Any thing but to'th put a kind of confession in your loo craft enough to cullour, I know sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end my Lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach rights of our fellowship, by the obligation of our euer preferre better proposer can charge you me whether you were sent for

*Ros.* What say you.

*Ham.* Nay then I haue an ey

*Gyl.* My Lord we were sent

*Ham.* I will tell you why, for discouery, and your secrecie ther, I haue of late, but when forgon all custome of exercise my disposition, that this good sterill promontorie, this mo you, this braue orehanging fi ted with golden fire, why it and pestilent congregation o man, how noble in reason, l moouing, how expresse and a gell in apprehension, how lik paragon of Annimales; and y dust: man delights not me, smiling, you seeme to say so.

*Ros.* My Lord, there was no

*Ham.* Why did yee laugh t

*Ros.* To thinke my Lord if entertainment the players sh on the way, and hether are t

*Ham.* He that playes the K haue tribute on me, the adu target, the Louer shall not fi his part in peace, and the I black verse shall hault for't.

*Ros.* Euen those you were w dians of the Curry.